

ST. JOHNS HERALD

AND APACHE NEWS

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ST. JOHNS, APACHE COUNTY, ARIZONA, NOVEMBER 23, 1916

NO. 13

LOCAL NEWS

James Cullen of Blanco is in the city today.

Jim Shreeve is busy these days building a house for C. R. Jarvis.

C. C. Naegle is in the city for a few days visit with his family.

County Attorney G. E. Greer left for points on the railroad Tuesday.

The La grippe seems to have a grip on a great many of our citizens just now.

Geo. Wilhelm is in from his ranch at Vernon, spending a few days with his children.

Sam Love and wife and Stansell Greer and wife who were among the visitors attending the State Fair, returned Tuesday.

Mervin Parks is now "Hello" at Central, while Miss Inez Garcia is acting as chief nurse at the Parks' home for the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Botting.

J. R. Armijo and his father, Gabriel Armijo, are visiting for a few days here. Gabriel was at one time a resident of St. Johns but is now living at Albuquerque.

We are informed that the Bond Issue for the purpose of building a new court house for Apache county, is to be contested. We wonder on what grounds. "Consistency thou art a jewel!"

Pres. F. M. Lyman, of the L. D. S. Church, died at his home in Salt Lake City, Utah, Sunday, November 19th, of pneumonia after a brief illness of but two days. He was in his 77th year.

Allie Mineer, the well known sprinter of St. Johns, was in town Saturday. Allie proved his running qualities in a political way at the recent election by defeating his opponent for assessor of Apache county. — Snowflake Herald.

FOR SALE—NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 14, Township 7 N., R. 27 E. G&SRM, Greer, Arizona, all tillable, 25 acres under irrigation and cultivation, fenced, 3 Springs of water. For particulars, address or call on E. W. WILTBANK, Eagar, Arizona.

Hon. Fred T. Colter, re-elected Senator for Apache county, arrived in the city last Tuesday from Phoenix, where he has been for the past two weeks attending to some important business. Mr. Colter left for his home in the South end of the county Wednesday.

The force of clerks at Whiting's Cash store are working over time just now, moving into their new store building. Mr. Whiting now has an ideal building for merchandising and if appearances speak for anything, they will now be more able to meet the demands of their patrons.

The Board of Supervisors met Monday morning, Nov. 20th, as required by law, for the purpose of canvassing the election returns of the various precincts. After a careful canvass no material changes were found contrary to the reports received just after the election. As soon as we are given the tabulated report from the clerk we will publish it for the benefit of our readers.

S. J. S. A. WINS TWO.

The Snowflake Academy first and second basketball teams were here last Saturday and played the S. J. S. A. teams, the result of which was just a little surprising to some of the spectators, and some of the players.

Both games were fast and well played, but at no time after the start did the visiting teams have a "ghost" of a show to win, notwithstanding the fact that it was rumored that the Snowflake boys would "wipe up the earth" with St. Johns boys, of course we expected to see it done (?) and went to see how they would do it. The visitors played a good game but they were up against a team that did not intend to lose a second game within ten days.

Score, first team, 37-15 in favor of St. Johns.

Second team, 22-10 in favor of St. Johns.

In the evening after the outdoor sports were over an "equal right" dance was given at the Academy, although the building was crowded to its full capacity, a very enjoyable time was had.

Our boys leave today for St. Johns and will play the Academy teams there tomorrow afternoon and of course "we'll" carry off the bacon. — Snowflake Herald.

It was a sure thing, sure enough. Who carried off the bacon?

Death of Pablo Peralta

Last Friday word was received here of the accidental death of Pablo Peralta, a well known and highly respected citizen of Gallup, N. M. Mr. Peralta and his son, Bonifacio, age nineteen years were at their ranch home twelve miles west of Gallup, where Mr. Peralta was building a residence. Mr. Peralta was dragging logs from off a mesa close by the building site with which to build his house. He had a horse hitched to the end of a rope which was about the log and he was riding the horse and dragging the log. The horse plunged and rider and all fell over a twenty-foot embankment. The horse fell on Mr. Peralta, crushing the life out of him. His son reached his side in a few minutes, and did his utmost to assist him.

The deceased was 48 years of age last March. He went to Gallup eight years ago from St. Johns, where he had resided the greater part of his life. He is survived by a brother, Jesus Peralta, of this city, who with a cousin, Sylvester Peralta, left Friday for Gallup, upon hearing of the terrible accident, he also has a sister, Mrs. Jesus Garcia, of Magdalena, N. M.

He leaves to mourn his untimely death his wife and nine children, most of them are small and will greatly miss the care and guidance of their father.

The funeral services took place Saturday morning at Gallup from the Sacred Heart church and was largely attended by Americans and Spanish-Americans.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Grimes returned Tuesday evening from Phoenix, where there have spent the past ten days taking in the sights of Arizona's biggest State Fair. They report splendid exhibits from Apache county.

ACADEMY NOTES.

Friends, students, visitors and patrons, realizing as I do, the extreme importance of the present moment; a moment when hearts are clumping, tongues are knocking together, and knees are cleaving to the roof of our mouths, that the result of to-days battle will decide the physical strength and energy of these two great institutions, I feel it my sacred duty to insure our fighting squad of victory.

We are even now almost within the hour of the decisive moment, indeed I might say the critical moment, when our athletes are prancing about with nervous energy bubbling over from their mouths like the saliva from the mouths of hungry cattle. Like fighting cocks they are accoutered with steel spurs ready and anxious for the fray, where they will of a certainty mangle and scatter the remains of the enemy while the excited chickens will look on. All due respects to the chickens.

After these serious considerations do you begin to realize the importance of the present moment in which we live, when ten desperate human giants will grapple for the immortal basketball, when they will roll like "porkers" in the dirt, spit and splutter with wrath, throw dust in their ruffled hair and cuss, when the bloody ball goes into the St. Johns basket? It is indeed sad to think upon.

Fellow students who is to carry off the trophy of victory and revel in its glory? Who will suffer defeat and humiliation? Be honest with yourselves and make up your minds.

Students we ought to beat. Look at the difference in the size and looks of our coaches and judging from the size of the smile on their faces we are sure to win, unless our honored coach is planning a victory only for his tennis tournament. And Mr. Gibbons we are sure will defeat his opponent as I saw him taking all the side bets as I came up the steps. We kicked the guy out that hinted that he tried to buy his opponent over. He doesn't need to do it. Mr. Gibbons will win another victory.

When I look upon our visiting team, I see in them the strength of bears, some bares, and a green flame of fury in their eyes that tell me they are going to fight hard. But when I look upon the Giants of St. Johns my faith comes back to me, and the whole sum of my enthusiasm conjers itself into these words: St. Johns, St. Johns never knew defeat.

Welcome Snowflake, you were sure to beat.

We know we should'nt do it, That's all there can be to it But we'll have to show you how again it seems, I thanks you.

The basketball games Saturday were the best ever. The town people showed their interest in our institution by coming out in mass to cheer for our boys. The band was also there and anyone knows the enthusiasm it was sure to convey.

The first game was very lively,

it carried us through from start to finish without even a break of interest. Tom and Dewey surely showed what they were worth. With plenty of credit due the others members of the team. Resulting in a score of 37-15 in favor of our S. J. A. boys.

In the second game Victor and Willie showed the Snowflake boys what they could do. All played very good and the result was 22-10 also in favor of our boys.

When we know that the players are the best students in their different classes we think the result of the games are great, as the standard of our institution allow no students to enter athletic activities unless they are up in their grades.

One of the social promoters of the student body stated that people did very little talking while dancing the one-step.

"That's right," replied Karl Eagar, "But they think like h—".

Springerville News.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church of Springerville, Arizona have announced their annual bazaar for December 2d. A turkey dinner will be served for 35c. per plate. Those who have had one of these dinners of the Ladies Aid Society will not want to miss this one and those who have never partaken of these feasts have missed something.

There is generally a "big time" when the auctioneering starts and it is the chance of the year to obtain your gifts for Christmas. Only the articles remaining unsold will be auctioned, which are few in number, but always in big demand.

Come one—come all and don't forget the date.

Mrs. Edmonds of Denver, Colorado is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. LeeRoy Stiles.

Dr. Von Zinch of Williams, Arizona has been attending to our teeth lately. The Doctor will be here a couple of weeks longer and if you need any dental work done, now is your chance.

Dunbar's Weekly says, "When Chairman Willcox of the republican national committee was informed that New Mexico had gone for Wilson he said, 'Where in hell is New Mexico?' The gentleman will ascertain its location when the electoral votes come in."

DIXIE.

"Dixie". The play that is different, was presented Tuesday evening, Nov. 21st, at the Apache Theatre, by the Orpheus Stock Company, under the management of J. W. Johnson. The cast was of local talent, carefully coached by Mr. Johnson.

The make-ups were good indeed, it being almost impossible to recognize some of the actors. All the actors were well chosen, each for their individual part. Miss Alma Hamblin as "Julia, the spoiled daughter," filled the bill to a "T".

Jeffie Duke as "Louise—the adopted daughter" could not be beaten. While J. W. Johnson as "Dixie—the hired man" showed his ability of adapting himself to any mood or character. Miss Bessie Plumb, as "Ruth—who works out the scheme" took the part in an admirable manner. Stanley Hamblin and Miss Elda Whiting as Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins, we venture to say could not be outdone anywhere in local circles. Victor Overson as Jerry—the huckster, and Richard Judd as John—in love with Louise, were there with the goods, too.

Miss Eulalia Berry, who has just returned from a two year mission, spoke last Sunday afternoon in the L. D. S. Chapel to a large audience, taking for her subject "the beauties of the gospel, etc." and those who did not attend certainly missed a rare treat. Her earnestness and the able manner in which she spoke carried conviction to the hearer and also showed that she had studied deeply and well. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Berry, can be justly proud of her accomplishments.

The Phoenix teacher was trying to make his pupils understand that all good comes from one source. As an illustration, he told them of building a house and putting water-pipes with taps in all the rooms, these pipes not being connected with the main in the street. "Suppose I turn on a tap and no water comes, what is the matter?" He naturally supposed that some of the boys would answer that the water was not turned on at the main, but they didn't. To the contrary, one boy at the foot of the class called out: "You didn't pay your water bill!" —Dunbar's Weekly.

Not so in St. Johns. You pay, water or no water.

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